

9-22-1917

Letter from Eleanor Blair, Wellesley, Massachusetts,
to Mrs. D.C. Blair, Montour Falls, New York, 1917
September 22

Eleanor Blair

Wellesley College Archives

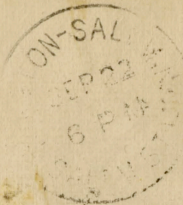
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9/22/17



Mrs. D.C. Blair
Montour Falls
New York.

Dalton College,
Winston-Salem, N.C.
22 September, 1917.

Dear Blair family,

I intended to tell you in my last, much-interrupted letter all about how I spent a delightful Sunday at the Blairs, how we all sat around the open fire in the afternoon, going later for an auto ride. And I planned to tell you how delightful Miss Ordway is. But now there is so much news accumulated that I shall have to abbreviate that back news.

As to Miss Ordway, however, I will say she couldn't be nicer to me than she has been.

She is about forty years old, very tiny, and a little grey.

But, for all she is quite a good deal older than I, I have had some good times with her, and we are right good friends.

Miss Ordway is the oldest family member in the house. And what a house we have! I certainly am fortunate to be here. The cottage, which was formerly used only for the tiny children, is now used for family and children, the former having all the second floor. All except two of us are new—Miss Woodberry and Miss Shaw. Miss Shaw is very, very attractive and I am certainly going to make an effort to know her well before

the year is over. — She rooms next door to me. By the way, she looks enough like Kath Avey to be her twin — only she is more healthy looking, and has a lovely deep voice. Both she and Miss Woodberry are in the music department.

Then there is a Miss Hall, a 1917 Syracuse girl, — quite nice.

And last of all, three Goucher girls, 1911, 1913, and 1917. They are perfectly fine, and I like them a heap already.

Sarah Willghman, 1917, is short and very sweet — lots of fun, too. Beulah Dinger and Ethel Staley, 1915 and 1911, are ~~so~~ just heaps of fun, too. And all of them are fine girls ^{to know} as well as being good for a jolly time.

Dickens with Helen Staines a
good deal, too. She is Wellensby 1716,
and physical director here. Then
there is Miss Helen Barton, London,
a tall, dark girl and very attractive.
I like her, too. And Watson Kasey
is a dear. Yes, "Watson" is her
first name. The Southerners
frequently use boy's names for
the girls. For instance there was
a Charlie here last year, and
a James May Somebody.

Do you see, aside from Pally, I
have very nice friends. Oh, there
are others, too, but I can't tell
you about them all now.

But Pally is the old stand-by.
I have seen her every single day,
and sometimes she'll run in two
or three times a day.

yesterday, for instance, she popped
 in in the afternoon for me to
 play tennis (I couldn't as I was
 busy), and again in the evening.
 The day before she took a load of
 us out on a tour. And best of all, we
 had a regular spree Wednesday
 night. Marion was to go back
 to Wellesley that night, and ^{wanted}
 to see some aunts' over at High
 Point, Mr. Blair's old home. So
 what did those Blairs do but
 take two loads of us over —
 Watson Kasey, Margaret Hegaw,
 (a senior here), Miss Roseann Blair,
 (I'll explain her later), Johnnies,
 Polly, Marion, ^{next} Mrs. Blair, "Uncle David"
 and myself. Such fun — an
 eighteen mile drive each way and
 all by moonlight.

We left here at 6:30, getting back
at 12:00.

I wish you could see that Blair
home. It is a big farm just
outside of High Point - between
two and three hundred acres,
Mr. Blair says. They have valuable
cattle of all kinds, chickens, and
all sorts of fine farm buildings.
Best of all is the house and its
great lawn - every square inch
well kept. The house sets quite
a distance back from the road
with grass, trees and shrubbery
in front. It is a large, low
white farm house with a
huge porch running around
three sides. Inside is a big
living room - that night there
was a cheery fire in the fire-place.

a David the house was the best
of all. Well, the family comes
first. There were no less than
fourteen Blairs in that room
Wednesday night. There was
Aunt Martha and Uncle John,
Aunt Elva, Aunt Ada, Aunt
Emma, and all the Blairs in
our party, including "Uncle David".

Well, they adopted me, so you
see I have quite a family of Blairs
even though I did have to leave
my special Blairs in Montour.

Marion's train left about 10:30.
Polly has never been at home without
Marion more than two days in her
life, so you can imagine she felt
rather browned at the parting.
To help matters out a little, she
had me ride home in the car

with her, and then go home and stay all night. It seemed so funny to be able to go off with her without registering or having my chaperone approved. I can't get used to this jockey life - I approve of it negatively, though.

You know, Blairs, in all I've had to work since I was here, I was never any happier in Wellesley than I am here. And that is saying a good deal.

Well, I haven't told you about my two latest relations - one on each side of the family. You remember the Blairs mentioning the fact that there was a Whittemore here in Salem. Well, there is - she

is in the Domestic Science Department
 a very nice person. Met her last
 Monday, and as soon as I
 said my mother's maiden
 name was Whittmore, she said
 "Blackwells!" so there we are.

Now that relationship is
 about as vague as the connection
 between Paly and me, but I have
 actually found a second cousin,
 Miss Prosser Blair of Carlisle,
 Pennsylvania, the new librarian
 here. Because her name was
 Blair, those nice Blairs of mine
 asked her to go on the auto trip
 Wednesday night. Mrs. Blair
 was asking her about her home,
 and when she said, "Carlisle,"
 I pricked up my ears. After a few

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moments of preliminary talk, she proceeded to tell me my whole family history, also all about the Woods, also that I had two Sterrett cousins, Mary and John, and that Mary had red hair. Watson, and Mr. & Mrs. Blair just sat there and laughed at us, as we kept discovering our mutual family. Now sad to relate, I have forgotten the critical point - her father's and grandfather's name. Anyway her grandfather was brother of my grandfather. I'll find out particulars when I have a chance to talk to her again.

I have my work for today and Monday planned, and am all ready for a full week-end

with Wesley at the Blair's —
at the Blair's in a charge, you
understand. Just think of being
with three classmates tonight —
way down here in N.C. — Pally,
Oberley Gill, and Duckie. And two
more Wesley people at hand —
Miss Ordway and Helen Haines.
By the way, Miss Ordway is
F. G. E. Wouldn't you know it? —
is there any more luck possible
to me? Oh, yes, indeed! Her
best friend, Margaret Starr,
like my best friend, was
president of F. G. E. And still
another funny coincidence —
said Margaret Starr's brother
taught here in the English
department, and is now living
here — called on Miss Ordway

several nights ago.

How's my brother? Helen Harris has a brother of about fourteen, and like me, misses him somewhat. As we decided we'd be each others little brother. As now she is "little brother" to me.

John Fries helps out, too. He seems to like me, and I am getting mighty fond of him. He told his mother Wednesday night that he wanted to ride in the car with Eleanor. He did too, and I had a fine time with him. And I was so tickled when we were at the farm - he came over and sat on the arm of my chair just as my own young brother might. ~~On~~ Friday, the 28th is his birthday. Why don't you send him a card, Bub?

Now I have raved on at length

about this Blair and the Salem
Blairs, please reciprocate and tell
me about the Montour Blairs and
their trip to Buffalo. Of course,
you wait until I am safely out
of the way before you go off on
a spree, don't you?

Speaking of auto, please send
my auto had with my dresses
I want it for tennis. You see,
the Blairs have a fine court
all lighted so we can play at
night as well as in the day
time.

I haven't told you a word
about my home here, have I?—
the Blair home. It is delightful—
a great big house, with big
grounds. I'll take some pictures
of it this week-end.

I haven't told you either that Mrs. Andthalow told me I could change from my tiny room to a larger one with two south windows and a big closet - the best room in the house, as it happens.

I have a small table-desk and white shelves over it something as at home. I'm going to have more shelves built soon. And when I come back after Xmas I'm going to bring couch-cover and pillows.

The bell for lunch just rang. Yes, we have good food down here. The lunches and breakfasts usually better than Willsley - the dinners not quite so good.

Heaps of love to all,

Please tell Aunt Nini to
consider herself written to. Eleanor.
Of these are for her, too.